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And was that Sappho last which once it was before—
 If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
 Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore.

An interesting parallel, if not a source, is Martial's address to Sulpicia, a Roman Anne Killigrew (XI, 6), in which the poet thus apostrophizes Sappho:

hac condiscipula vel hac magistra,
 esses doctior et pudica, Sappho.

BUTLER. The familiar lines in *Hudibras* (Part 1, Canto 1, 165-6),

As if Divinity had catch'd,
 The Itch, on purpose to be scratch'd,

may be an echo of the famous epigram, *Disputandi pruritus ecclesiarum scabies*. This saying has been ascribed to Sir Henry Wotton, upon whose tombstone it appears, with the assertion, *Hic jacet huius sententiae primus auctor*. Izaak Walton, who relates the circumstance, seems a little uneasy as to the accuracy of the statement, but makes the delightful apology that if Sir Henry did make a mistake on this point, it was because his mind "was then so fixed on that part of the communion of saints which is above, that an holy lethargy did surprise his memory."⁶

BEN. C. CLOUGH.

"FULL MANY A GEM"

Was Thomas Gray acquainted with the *Iter Boreale* of R. Wild, D.D. (1671)? This curious little volume of poems contains (p. 102) a poem from Mr. Nathan Wanley to Dr. Wild. Mr. Wanley reproaches his friend for hiding his light under a bushel, and says

So the bright taper useless burns
 To private and recluded Urns,
 So Pearls themselves to shells confine
 And Gems in the Sea's bottom shine,
 As thou my WILD while thou dost lie
 Huddled up in thy privacy.

Dr. Wild is at all events not too reticent to give us an illuminating and frank picture of a poet in his workshop; on p. 117, in the midst of a funeral elegy, he admonishes himself thus,

I must be in a Rapture—not to be
 Distracted is below his memory.

The rest of the poem is "distracted" enough to please the most exacting deceased person.

Readville, Mass.

BEN. C. CLOUGH.

⁶ Walton's *Lives*: Sir Henry Wotton.